

ically. For three long years the letter had lain in the private box which Adela had mistaken for a public one. And now—now—it seemed miraculous that he should have rented the very house that she had loved, and

taken the letter from the place where she had posted it.

But, when he explained, her happy tears drove the memory of those years away.

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CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE MY FIRST LETTER TO DICK

Chapter L.

Dearest Dick: Our little apartment is all ready, dearest, but I have not moved into it, as I have determined that we shall take possession of it together, when you return from your trip, but I have come up here to it to write you.

Do you remember that I told Dr. Atwater, "I should never be lonely again?"

Oh, my dear, I have never been so lonely in all my life as I have been these few days that you have been away from me.

Yesterday my heart whispered a little rhyme into my brain and I am sending it to you.

Isn't it strange that I am not quite sure whether you will think it is foolish or whether you will tell me, when you get home, that you love my sentimental fancies?

After all, dear, about all we know of each other is that we love each other, and when you are with me I feel that is enough.

With you gone, the whole world is a Land of Lonesomeness, and

Into the land of Lonesomeness,

I must go every day,
And drink of the water of bitterness,
When you are far away.

High-walled in this land of Lonesomeness,

And shut out every ray
That lights the place with joyousness,

When you are far away.

Gray is the sky over Lonesomeness;
The sun disdains to stray

Into its streets all comfortless,
When you are far away.

There lurks in the lanes of Lonesomeness

A doubt that comes to slay
All joy that is born of hopefulness,
When you are far away.

I don't like this land of Lonesomeness;

It strikes me with dismay;
It's filled with the ruins of happiness,
When you are far away.

Come back, dearheart, very soon,
To your Madge.
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

WAFFLES

Have waffle irons hot before beginning to bake. Grease them well and have side on which the batter is poured very hot. Fill the iron two-thirds full of batter. Close down top and turn at once. Turn two or three times without raising either side. When waffles are properly baked they should be crisp and golden brown in color.

Sandusky Waffles.

Sift two teaspoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt, pinch of sugar with three cups of flour into a bowl. Put together three well-beaten egg yolks and two cups of milk. Turn into the flour mixture. Beat until a foamy batter. When ready to bake fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of three eggs. Have batter thin.

Do not wash your waffle irons. Rub inside and out with stiff brush and common salt.